



for Mrs. Whiffles

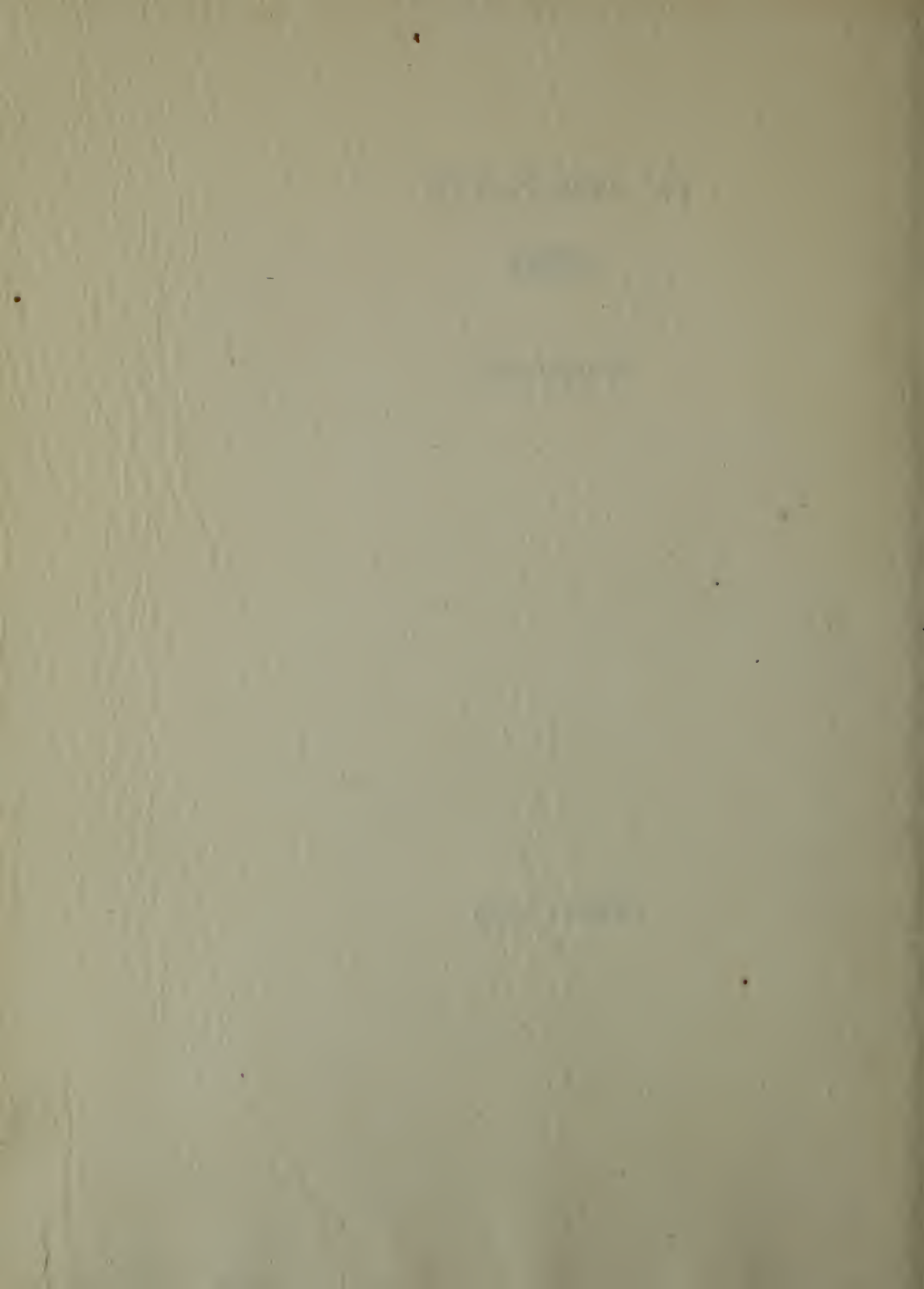
With the Christmas Greetings
of the Printer

IV SONNETS



Wordsworth

Xmas : 1909



Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
 Through the grey west ; and lo ! these waters, steeled
 By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
 A vivid repetition of the stars ;
 Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
 Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
 At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
 Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
 Is it a mirror ? — or the nether Sphere
 Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
 Her own calm fires ? — But list ! a voice is near ;
 Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
 “ Be thankful, thou ; for, if unholy deeds
 Ravage the world, tranquillity is here ! ”

THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
FROM THE
FIRST
SETTLING OF THE
TOWNE
TO THE
PRESENT
STATE
OF THE
CITY
AND
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX
IN THE
SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY
BY
JOHN STOW
ESQ.
OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
AND
OF THE
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX
IN THE
SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY
LONDON
PRINTED BY
J. STONE
AT THE
SIGN OF THE
CROWN
IN THE
STREET
NEAR
ST. MARTIN'S
CHURCH
1687

With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed ;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.
A goodly Vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad ;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look ;
This Ship to all the rest did I prefer :
When will she turn, and whither ? She will brook
No tarrying ; where She comes the winds must stir :
On went She, and due north her journey took.

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
It moves us not. — Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
OF THE BARRISTER AT LAW
IN GREAT BRITAIN
AND OF THE JUDGE OF THE
COMMON PLEAS IN MASSACHUSETTS
VOLUME THE SECOND
CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON FROM THE
YEAR 1700 TO THE PRESENT
TIME
LONDON: PRINTED BY J. BARNES
AND SONS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE
1790

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